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BAKER'S DARKEY PLAYS



BLACK
BLUNDERS

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
NO 23 WINTER STREET
BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

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DRAMAS.

In Four Acts

Better than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

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The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. 7 male, 3 female char. 15
MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In Two Acts.

Above the Clouds. 7 male, 3 female char. 15
One Hundred Years Ago. 7 male, 4 female char. 15
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BREAD ON THE WATERS. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
DOWN BY THE SEA. 6 male, 3 female char. 15
ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. 15
The Last Leaf. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In One Act.

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Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male, 3 female char. 15
A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female char. 15
A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15
A THORN AMONG THE ROSES. 2 male, 6 female char. 15
NEVER SAY DIE. 3 male, 3 female char. 15
SEEING THE ELEPHANT. 6 male, 3 female char. 15
THE BOSTON DIP. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN. 6 male, 4 female char. 15
THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female char. 15
We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

Male Characters Only.

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A PUBLIC BENEFactor. 6 char. 15
A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, etc., continued.

Male Characters Only.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT. 7 char. 15
COALS OF FIRE. 6 char. 15
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. 8 char. 15
Shall Our Mothers Vote? 11 char. 15
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. 12 char. 15
HUMORS OF THE STRIKE. 8 char. 15
MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. 6 char. 15
NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. 6 char. 15
THE GREAT ELIXIR. 9 char. 15
THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. 3 char. 15
The Man with the Demijohn. 4 char. 15
THE RUNAWAYS. 4 char. 15
THE THIEF OF TIME. 6 char. 15
WANTED, A MALE COOK. 4 char. 15

Female Characters Only.

A LOVE OF A BONNET. 5 char. 15
A PRECIOUS PICKLE. 6 char. 15
NO CURE NO PAY. 7 char. 15
THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX. 8 char. 15
THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE. 8 char. 15
THE GRECIAN BEND. 7 char. 15
THE RED CHIGNON. 6 char. 15
USING THE WEED. 7 char. 15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

LIGHTHART'S PILGRIMAGE. 8 female char. 15
THE REVOLT OF THE BEES. 9 female char. 15
THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH. 1 male, 4 female char. 15
THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT. 10 female char. 15
THE WAR OF THE ROSES. 8 female char. 15
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE. 8 female char. 15

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AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1 male, 1 female 15
BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING. 6 male, 1 female char. 25
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SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. 15
SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE. 3 male, 1 female char. 25
THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. 15
THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE. 7 male char. 15
THE SEVEN AGES. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. 15
TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male char. 15
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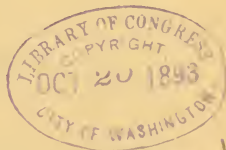
WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

BLACK BLUNDERS

An Ethiopian Farce in Two Scenes

EDITED BY
GEORGE H. COES

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BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1893

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CHARACTERS.

JULIUS CROW, *a patent blacking peddle*
JOCELYN HIGHFLYER, *a dandy barber.*
MAJOR RACCOON, *a military guardian.*
SAM CÆSAR, *in love with Cynthia.*
POMPEY DUCKLEGS, *a hotel-keeper.*
JOE SQUASHALL, *his right-hand man.*
CYNTHIA RACCOON, *a runaway "evening star."*
MRS. POMPEY DUCKLEGS, *landlady.*
PHILLISEY ANN, *a kitchen maid.*
GUM }
JAKE } *visitors at the Convention.*
PETE }

SUPERNUMERARIES, ETC.



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PROPERTIES.

One pair of pistols; one loaded; one hand bell; one barrel; one rawhide for Major; red-hot poker; one pitchfork; one gun; one pocketbook with bank-notes; one valise; one umbrella; ten candles and candlesticks; one table; crash outside L. 2 E.; one dollar piece; single bed, made up nice and clean; blacking-brush; newspaper; a cone shape cap for Ghost; straw and flour in barrel; one long, white gown.

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BLACK BLUNDERS.

SCENE I.—*A Plain Chamber in 2. POMPEY and MRS. DUCK-LEGS, GUM, JAKE, and PETE, discovered.*

POMPEY. Well, I suppose you has heard of the convention that's going to be here to-morrow, hasn't you?

GUM. Why, of course we has. We have all come to be dar, we has.

POMPEY (*showing newspaper*). Well, did you hear of all de big bugs dat was to be at the convention?

GUM. No; read over the list.

(*Read any list of celebrities, local or national.*)

POMPEY. Here's one place where it says that every one, before they can be admitted to the convention, must have — (*Enter JOE SQUASHALL, ringing bell.*)

JOE. Supper, gentlemen! (*Exeunt everybody L. except MRS. D. and JOE.*) I say, Missus, dem is de hungriest set of niggers what I never see before. (*Knock outside R.*)

MRS. D. Who's dat knocking at de door?

JOE. Some more hungry darkies, I suppose.

(*Enter HIGHFLYER and CYNTHIA, R.*)

HIGH. Ah, waiter, just go below and look to our baggage, and see if —

JOE. Supper's ready?

HIGH. No, not if supper's ready, but if you have accommodations for this young lady for the night, d'ye hear?

MRS. D. Oh, yes, sir. I'm de missus of this hotel; we have first-rate accommodations.

HIGH. All right. Now go and call the landlord of the house immediately.

JOE (*aside to MRS. D.*). Oh, missus, dem must be some of de big bugs what has come down to the convention. (*Exeunt JOE and MRS. D., L. H.*)

HIGH. Now, my dearest Cynthia, since you've escaped from that alligator of a father of yours, how do you find yourself on this momentous occasion?

CYNTHIA. Ah, well, dearest Josy ; now let us get married just as soon as we can, dearest Jocelyn.

HIGH. Yes, my dear ; just as soon as I can find a respectable deacon to perform the ceremony, we will fly to Hymen's H'alter.

CYNTHIA. Well, go now and procure one, and I will wait until you return.

HIGH. (*takes her by the hand*). What, and leave you here alone? Oh, never!

CYNTHIA. Oh, but you must.

HIGH. Oh, I couldn't think of it.

CYNTHIA. Yes, sir, you shall.

HIGH (*putting his arms around her waist*). But, my dear Cynthia, let me explain to you—

CYNTHIA. Mr. Highflyer, unhand me, sir! (*Throws him off*.) My honor, sir!

HIGH. (*discomfited*). Oh, yes ; well, then, dearest Cynthia, since I must leave you, let us have one last farewell kiss. (*Business ad lib.*) Now, my dearest Cynthia, while I am gone, be sure you tell no one who I am.

CYNTHIA. Be quick, dear Josy, for you know we ran away to get married, and I won't go back until I am married ; so there.

MAJOR R. (*outside*). Ah, yes ; this must be the place—I know it must. Come in, Cæsar. I know the print of the darky's heel.

(*Enter MAJOR, CÆSAR, MR. and MRS. D., GUM, JAKE, and PETE, PHILLISEY ANN and JOE, R. and L.*)

JOE. What's all the muss?

MAJOR. I'll soon find out. (*Sees CYNTHIA.*) Ah, there you are, are you? (*Throws CYNTHIA from L. to C.*) You ungrateful daughter, to run away from your old father in that way. (*All range across stage ; MAJOR goes to R. of stage to next man to CÆSAR.*) Show me the villain who stole the affections of my daughter. Was it you? Or you—or you? (*To all, until he comes to HIGHFLYER ; looks at him.*) Or—no, you look too honest ; it can't be you. (*Goes to C. beside CYNTHIA.*)

POMPEY. Why, hasn't you come down to the convention?

CÆSAR. To the convention? No! Some rascal has run away with my gal, and I swear to have the satisfaction of a colored gentleman.

MAJOR. Dat's right ; so you shall.

CYNTHIA. O pa! don't fight, and I'll go home.

HIGH. (*crosses to MAJOR*). Oh, no, Major ; I beg of you don't fight—it's decidedly vulgar, I assure you. I'll explain this matter to you satisfactorily. You see, there was a young fellow came along here in company with your daughter, and I felt satisfied that something was wrong, so I frightened the fellow nearly out of his wits. He immediately vamosed the ranch, and left the young lady unprotected ; and I have been her protector ever since.

MAJOR. Well, that was like the chivalry of the ancient Africans in the time of the wars with the Arabs in the dark ages. You seem to know something about history, eh? (*Suddenly.*) By the way, what's your name?

HIGH. (*very much confused, and looks at CYNTHIA.*) Oh, my name? Why, my name — is — ah — Brown, sir; Mr. Brown, at your service.

MAJOR. Brown? I'm glad to know you. Any kin to Jim?

HIGH. Why, he was my best friend.

MAJOR. You shall be mine too. But how the deuce that fellow eluded my grasp is a wonder to me.

(*Exit MAJOR, dragging CYNTHIA, R. H.; all follow except HIGH-FLYER, who calls DUCKLEGS.*)

HIGH. Say, landlord, you can take this dollar (*hands it*), and treat the whole party at my expense. D'y'e hear, landlord?

POMPEY. Oh, yes; I understand. What shall I do with the change?

HIGH. Oh, keep it — keep it; it's a mere trifle. (*Exit landlord.*) A mere trifle, but it breaks me. Now, if I can only succeed in getting the whole party drunk, I'll secure my dear Cynthia, and clear out, unbeknown to the whole party. (*Going R.; enter MAJOR, L.*)

MAJOR. Ah, Brown, why don't you come down and join the company? I am glad to know a gentleman such as you. Tell me, how can I reward you for rescuing my daughter from the villain that run off with her?

HIGH. Ah, Major, you flatter me; you do, upon my word, positively. I was merely performing my duty, I assure you. However, the fact is, Major, your generous offer is very opportune. You see — I've just returned from a Southern tour, and my trunk, which contains my wardrobe and valuables, also my funds, was accidentally left at the last station, and I shall have to stay here until it comes. In the meantime, if you could let me have a few dollars until my baggage arrives, why you can.

MAJOR. Why, certainly; how much do you say? Two, three, five dollars, or more?

HIGH. More.

MAJOR. Suppose we say seven?

HIGH. Call it eleven.

MAJOR (*aside*) Very cool. (*Aloud.*) Very well, sir. Here it is. (*Takes purse and counts money.*) You see, I've got the Rhino. I haven't been to Mexico for nothing, hey? (*Gives him eleven dollars.*)

HIGH. (*palms a piece*). I declare, Major, here's a slight mistake. Here is only ten dollars.

MAJOR. Only ten? Why, I thought I counted it correctly. Well, here is another dollar. (*Gives it to him.*)

HIGH. (*palms a bad dollar*). Major, I declare, here's one piece that is not good; you look at it. (*Holds it up to him.*)

MAJOR. Not good? How in the world did that get into my purse? Well, here is another. (*Gives him another.*)

HIGH. Thank you, Major.

MAJOR (*going*). Now, Brown, come down below and take a glass of wine with us. (*Exit L. H.*)

HIGH. Go on, Major; I'll soon follow you. The old fool, I've got his money, now I'll cut my stick. (*Noise outside.*) Ah, some one comes; I'll lay by and wait my chance. (*Exit stealthily L. 2 E.; Enter JULIUS CROW R. H. with valise and umbrella.*)

JULIUS. Well, this is a pretty time I've had getting to this house. But now I have arrived, I must look up some place to sleep at to-night cheap. I have got samples of my patent blacking, and if I can only get the prize for my patent, self-polishing, anti-grow-dull-again liquid boot and shoe illuminating paste blacking, why, I will be all right again. But I must first look out for a bed and something good to eat; then I will look afterwards to business. I wonder where all the waiters is. Hallo! Anybody around? Anybody around about?

(*Enter PHILLISEY ANN, L.*)

P. ANN. Here I is, massa.

JULIUS (*aside*). Well, that's a pretty nice-looking gal. (*Aloud.*) Say, what's your name, hey?

P. ANN (*courtesying*). Phillisey Ann.

JULIUS. Well, look here. I want you to call your massa and missus.

P. ANN. Oh, sir, you can't see them now, sir, for they are down-stairs, busy with the visitors at the convention.

JULIUS. Very well, I want a bed. What do you charge for a bed?

P. ANN. Fifty cents, sir.

JULIUS. What — fifty cents for a bed? Why, I can stop at the (*local hotel*) all night for fifty cents.

P. ANN. Can't help dat, sar. We haven't got anything cheaper.

JULIUS. No, but I want a kind of a lay-down — a tuck-up — a turn-in, or something — kind of a cheap, half-price bed.

P. ANN. We haven't got anything like that.

JULIUS. Then I don't want anything. I'll set up in a chair all night. You can go; I don't want you any longer.

P. ANN (*holding out her hand*). Please, sir, remember the waiting maid.

JULIUS. Who made you wait? I didn't.

P. ANN. Yes, but gentlemen what stops at dis house always gives us girls something.

JULIUS. Very well, I'll give you a kiss.

P. ANN. I charge double price for that.

JULIUS. Do you ? Then I won't have that either.

P. ANN. Well, you is de meanest, contemptible, colored man I ever see, and the sooner you get out of this hotel the better. You poor colored trash. (*Exit PHILLISEY, L.*)

JULIUS (*crows à la shanghai*). Well, that is the greatest piece of extravagance I ever did see. Fifty cents for a bed ! And double price for a kiss. I never could stand that in the world. Well, I do declare, what's that ? (*Looks off R.*) It looks very much like a staircase. Now, up that staircase there must be a room, and in that room there must be a bed, and in that bed I'll creep, and who knows but what I'll be right after all. As Massa Shakespeare says in his tragedy of *Gimlet*, or *Prince of Dunkirk* : —

This is the time when churchyards weep —
When dogs are out and cats do sleep.
Nobody sees, nobody knows,
Nobody's about, so in I goes. (*Exit R. H.*)

(*Enter MAJOR, dragging on PHILLISEY ; also Mr. and Mrs. D., HIGHFLYER, CÆSAR, GUM, JAKE, PETE, and JOE.*)

MAJOR (*to PHILLISEY*). Why didn't you tell me when he came in ?

PHILLISEY. I was afraid a bone might stick in your throat.

CYNTHIA. O pa, don't 'spaciate so.

MAJOR. What did you say — he had a carpet-bag, and spoke of prizes that he intended to get ?

CÆSAR. What, take my Cynthia for a prize ? I'll be revenged, by golly !

MRS. D. Where has he gone to now ?

PHILLISEY. I don't know. He said as how he was going to set up all night. I think the best thing we can do is to search the house all over and find him.

MAJOR. Yes ; fetch me a rawhide. I'm sure it must be the fellow that run off with my daughter.

CÆSAR. Yes ; and I'll go and get me a pair of pistols.

PHILLISEY. Yes ; and I'll go and get the broom and a red-hot poker. (*Exit.*)

JOE. And I'll get the double-barrelled pitchfork. (*Exit L. H. hurriedly.*)

CYNTHIA. And I'll faint away. (*Faints in MAJOR'S arms.*)

MAJOR. And I'll rawhide the rascal. (*Exit, carrying CYNTHIA.*)

CÆSAR. And I'll shoot him afterwards. (*Exit L. H.*)

JOE. And I'll cut his throat. (*Exit L. H.*)

HIGH. And I'll cut my stick. (*Exit R. H.*)

POMPEY. And I'll go and make out all the bills. (*Exit R. H.*)

SCENE II. — *A bedroom with bed, L. C., head of bed to flat; chimney R. H. 3 E., with large fireplace; barrel with cover to it, between bed and fireplace for CROW to get into; table with candle burning L. of head of the bed; window, to open, L. U. E.; JULIUS CROW discovered.*

CROW. Well, this is pretty comfortable. I'll take a nice sleep here. Fifty cents for a bed! I hope there ain't any rats here. (*Looks all around the room and under the bed; lifts up the bed clothes.*) Well, I guess I'll undress and go to bed. (*Takes off coat and vest; takes off boots, and discovers odd stockings,—a black and a white one.*) Well, I declare, that's just like Mrs. Crow to give me odd stockings. Fifty cents for a bed! (*Goes to unbutton suspenders or pants, then suddenly stops.*) Oh, no, I guess I won't, for the house might catch on fire; then, as the white folks say, I would be caught in my "dishabells." Fifty cents for a bed! Mrs. Crow always puts a night-cap in my pocket. (*Goes to overcoat pocket and gets cap and looks at it.*) Well, I do declare, Mrs. Crow has given me her night-cap by mistake. (*Puts cap on.*) Now I'll go to bed. (*Rolls down bedclothes and discovers a very small pillow about a foot long and six inches wide and very thin.*) Well, that's a very sickly pillow. Fifty cents for a bed, and such a pillow as that! Never mind, I don't pay anything, so I won't find fault. (*Gets into bed and feels of the mattress.*) These are the best quality of Irish feathers. (*Gets in bed.*) Oh, my, how cold the sheets are! Oh, how I wish Mrs. Crow was here to tuck me up! If I only had a warming-pan, how nice it would be. Fifty cents for a bed! Well, never mind, I'll try and go to sleep. (*Lays down and snores, face to R.*)

(*Enter JOE, singing, L. H.*)

JOE (*sings*). A-sitting on a rail, a-sitting on a rail.
Sitting on a rail and sleeping very sound.

(*Goes to side of bed and takes CROW's boots. CROW sees him, then starts up in bed.*)

CROW. Here, what do you want with them boots? Put 'em down and clear out of this.

JOE. I sha'n't do it. I'se de boots of dis house, and I'm going to clean 'em.

CROW. I don't want 'em cleaned. I'll clean 'em myself. So put 'em down and clear out of this 'ere room.

JOE. No, sir-ree. It's my job to clean 'em, and I'm going to do it. And you has got to give me a bit 'fore you get 'em agin, too, old hoss. (*Exit L., singing as before.*)

CROW. Well, that's a pretty way to do, come and take a man's boots without his dissent. Fifty cents for a bed, too! Never mind. I'll try now and see if I can sleep. (*Lays down as before, face to R. Enter PHILLISEY, L. H.; looks around very slyly to find boots; not seeing them, she exclaims.*)

PHILLISEY. Well, I declare, if he hasn't got into bed with his boots on!

CROW (*half awake*). Boots, boots! Oh, put 'em down, and I'll pay you in de morning.

PHILLISEY. Come out of that bed, you dirty rascal.

CROW (*sitting up in bed*). Look here, young woman, I'd have you to know that this is a single bed, if you please. (*Pulls clothes up round his neck and looks at her.*)

PHILLISEY. Single or double, how dare you get into bed with your boots on?

CROW (*sticks his feet from under clothes*). Boots? Do you call them boots — say?

PHILLISEY. Well, sir, you haven't paid for the bed, so I'll take your clothes for the price. How dare you get into bed with your boots on? (*Takes his clothes and hat, also candle, and exit in a rage; dark stage.*)

CROW. Here, fetch back that light. Oh, dear. I do wish they'd let me alone — and let me go to sleep. Fifty cents for a bed, and keep a fellow awake all night! Oh, dear, the candle's gone, and I cannot bear to sleep all alone without a light. I'm afraid I might see something. Never mind, I'll try and go to sleep again. Fifty cents for a bed! (*Lays down and snores again, face L. Enter HIGHFLYER, R. H., very stily, with long white nightgown and white peaked high night-cap.*)

HIGHFLYER. Well, this must be the landlord's room. Now, if I could get him to give me back that dollar I loaned him last night, I'd clear out mighty soon. (*Calls and pokes CROW with cane.*) Landlord! landlord!

CROW (*thinks it is a cat*). Scat!

HIGH. (*poking him*). Landlord!

CROW. Scat! scat!

HIGH. (*poking him*). Landlord!

CROW (*kicks very high*). Scat! scat! scat!

HIGH. Landlord! Wake up — it's only me.

CROW (*starts up and sees HIGHFLYER, and is frightened*). O Lord! Oh, what's that, all dressed in white?

HIGH. Don't be frightened; it's only me. I came from *below*, and I want to see you.

CROW. Oh! I thought I smelt brimstone. What does your Devilship want?

HIGH. Ah, no, I'm no devil. I want that dollar I gave you to treat the party with last night. I'll treat some other time when I come this way.

CROW. Oh, this fellow is a burglar; I'll holler murder.

HIGH (*seizes him*). You rascal! If you don't give me back that dollar, I'll cut your throat.

PHILLISEY (*outside L. H.*). In that room, Major, I think you'll find him.

HIGHFLYER. There, you've waked up all the people in the

house ; but I'll catch you and shoot you one of these days, that's certain. (*Exit R. H. hurriedly.*)

CROW. Yes, you will. Now, that's the most curious fellow what I never see before. Great big ghost robber, fourteen feet high. Fifty cents for a bed! Well, I guess I'll turn over and take my nap. (*Lays down and snores, face to R. ; enter MAJOR, L. H., with rawhide, and candle lighted ; stage light.*)

MAJOR. Ah, there's the rascal in the bed. (*Goes to turn around towards the bed, when he blows candle out ; stage dark.*) Hallo! Confound it, the wind has blown my light out! (*Sets candle on table.*) Never mind, I can whip him in the dark as well as the light.

CROW (*half awake*). Set the light down on the table and clear out of this.

MAJOR. I sha'n't do it. You're a villain.

CROW (*starting up*). What! If my wife Dinah heard you say that, she'd give you fits.

MAJOR. What? Your wife? So you are married, are you? Then you are a double villain, Mr. Highflyer. You see I've found out your real name.

CROW. That ain't my name ; it's —

MAJOR. I know ; you call yourself Brown!

CROW. Brown? I never knew that before.

MAJOR. And your first name is Jocelyn.

CROW. Jocelyn? Well, I think we're all jostlin' here.

MAJOR. Now, sir, I want you to give me back that eleven dollars you borrowed from me last evening.

CROW. Eleven dollars! Why, it was one dollar on this side just now ; now it's eleven dollars on this side. I think stocks is rising in this market.

MAJOR. Will you give me back my money?

CROW. I ain't got your money? Now clear out of this room and let me go to sleep.

MAJOR. I sha'n't do it. I'm going to make you confess to me that you are a swindler, a deceiver, and that your name is Brown. Now, ain't you a swindler?

CROW. Ain't you a fool?

MAJOR (*whipping him with rawhide*). Ain't you a swindler?

CROW. Oh! oh! oh! oh! Yes, I am a swindler.

MAJOR. Now, then, ain't you a deceiver?

CROW. Who did ever I deceive? What did ever I deceive? Do I look like a deceiver?

MAJOR. Ain't you a deceiver? (*Whips him.*)

CROW. Oh, help! Murder! Watch! Yes, I am a deceiver.

MAJOR. Now, then, ain't you Brown?

CROW. Oh, I'm black and blue more like.

MAJOR (*whips him*). Ain't you Brown?

CROW. Oh, yes. Murderation! Thunder and lightning! Blue murder! Oh, oh, oh! Yes, I am Brown.

MAJOR. Now, sir, I'm satisfied.

CROW. You are ; well, I ain't. Oh, my poor back ! Oh, my poor back !

MAJOR. Now, sir, I'm going to send to you my son-in-law, who will demand the satisfaction of a colored gentleman. (*Exit L. H.*)

CROW (*jumps out of bed*). He will, hey? Well, he won't find me here. Let me see—what shall I do? I'll jump out of the window and call the police.

(*Goes to window and gets out ; as his head disappears, dogs bark very furiously outside ; CROW gets back in the window and runs around the stage with his hand on his hip, exclaiming.*)

CROW. Oh, I'm bitten. I'm bitten ! I am upon my honor.

CÆSAR (*outside*). Never mind, I'll find him.

CROW. Here comes another one. Oh, gracious me, what shall I do ? I'll get back into bed again.

(*Gets into bed again with body reversed, his head at the foot of the bed. Enter CÆSAR R. H. with a pistol in each hand and stops and looks at bed.*)

CÆSAR. Ah, there's the rascal in the bed.

(*Goes to table and lays down pistols, then throws down the bed-clothes at the head of the bed. CROW kicks him in face, and CÆSAR takes slap. Goes to table and gets pistols, then takes R. H. corner of stage front ; in the meantime, CROW crawls out and gets under bed.*)

CÆSAR. Come out of there, you black rascal, or I'll blow you to pieces !

CROW. Oh, don't shoot ; I'll come out. (*Comes out and sits on foot of bed.*) Now, my colored friend, what do you want ?

CÆSAR (*pointing pistols at CROW*). Don't friend me, sir. A respectable colored family has been insulted, and the rose of innocence has been plucked from the flower-pot of virtue.

CROW. Oh, this is a poetical burglar.

CÆSAR. Now, sir, I demand the satisfaction of a colored gentleman. Now, sir (*offering pistols*), take your choice.

CROW (*takes both pistols*). Well, I'll take 'em both, if you like. Say, old fellow, how much did these cost ?

(*CÆSAR crosses to R., takes one pistol.*)

CÆSAR. Come, sir, will you fight ?

CROW. I don't want to fight ; I'll be shot, if I do.

(*CROW fires off his pistol in the air.*)

JOE (*outside*). Wake up, massa, there's thieves in the house.

CÆSAR. There ; you have waked up the whole house ; but I'll catch you and shoot you one of these days. (*Exit R. in a rage.*)

CROW. Yes, you will, if you cotch me. What will I do with myself? I'll throw my carpet-bag out of the window, and follow after it. (*Throws carpet-bag through the window, which falls down with a crash like breaking glass.*) Oh, my, I do believe I've thrown my carpet-bag bang through a skylight.

JOE (*outside*). Come along, massa, Phillisey's got the red-hot poker, I've got the pitchfork, and you get the double barrel blunderbuster, and we'll soon catch the thief.

CROW. Oh, my! Double barrel pitchforks, and red-hot blunderbusters — oh, what shall I do! I'll get up the chimney. Fifty cents for a bed! Oh, my! (*Gets up the chimney. Enter JOE with pitchfork, PHILLISEY with red-hot poker, POMPEY with double-barrel gun, and cross slowly to R., retreating, when there is noise made, very frightened, finally go to bed and turn down clothes. CROW not being there, they form in an oblique line up and down stage.*)

JOE. I know where he is, massa. (*Points to chimney.*) He's up the chimney. (*Goes to chimney slyly, and pokes the fork up there; CROW hollers, and they all rush off L. H. I E. CROW comes down shouting with pain.*)

CROW. Oh, oh, oh, oh! Murder! Robbers! Thieves! Oh, my! oh, dear! O Mrs. Crow, Mrs. Crow, did you but know.

MAJOR (*outside*). Is he in there yet?

JOE (*outside R. H.*). In that 'ere room, Major.

CROW. Oh, dear, here they come again. What will become of me? Oh, I'll get into the barrel. (*Gets in barrel.*) Fifty cents for a bed! O Mrs. Crow, Mrs. Crow!

(*Enter JOE, PHILLISEY, POMPEY, GUM, R. H.; MAJOR, CÆSAR, CYNTHIA, PETE, L. H.; all with lighted candles held above their head, and form oblique lines up and down both sides of stage. Remain in this position until JULIUS CROW comes from barrel to the front; then form a line right across stage.*)

MAJOR. Have you caught the rascal?

JOE. I'll cotch him, Major. I'll go to the barrel and get some straw, put it in de fireplace, set fire to it, and smoke him out of the chimney.

(*JOE goes to barrel and lifts the cover; CROW jumps up and flours JOE'S face.*)

CROW. What do you want to do? Do you want to murder me?

JOE. Didn't you try to cheat me out of a bit for cleaning your boots?

CROW. No!

PHILLISEY. Didn't you get into bed with your boots on?

CROW. No!

PHILLISEY. Didn't you try to kiss me for nothin'?

CROW. No!

POMPEY. Ain't your name Brown?

CROW. No!

CÆSAR. Didn't you refuse me the satisfaction of a colored gemman?

CROW. No!

CYNTHIA. Didn't you cheat my pa out of eleven dollars?

CROW. No!

MAJOR. Didn't you run off with my daughter?

CROW. No, no, no!

OMNES. Then who are you?

CROW (*coming forward c.; characters close in and form line across*). Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know *who* I am. That is, I ain't Brown, an' I don't know anything about your daughter; but I am the patent blacking man, and I have come down to this convention to sell my blacking. So give me my carpet-bag and let me go.

MAJOR. Oh, ho! I see! There has been a little mistake here.

CROW. A *little* mistake! Well, I guess if you look on my back you'll find good big beefsteaks, and several cutlets, too.

MAJOR. Well, you come down to the convention to-morrow. I'll take up a collection and give you the money, if you will say nothing about what has happened here to-night.

CROW. 'Nuff ced! I'll do it; and if the white folks will come every night and see Julius Crow, he'll stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder.

CROW (*sings; air, "Few Days"*). If you'll come and see fair fight —

OMNES (*chorus*). Few days, few days.

MAJOR (*sings*). He'll get whipped to-morrow night.

OMNES. For he's going home.

CROW. It makes me sigh to see you cry —

OMNES. Few days; few days.

MAJOR. To win your smiles he'll ever try.

OMNES. For he's going home.

OMNES (*chorus*). From blunders all around you,

Few days; few days.

From blunders all around,

Friends, good (*all blow their lights out*) night!

(*Disposition of characters as the curtain falls.*)

JAKE, JOE, PHILLISEY, POMPEY, DUCKLEGS, CROW, MAJOR, CÆSAR, CYNTHIA, GUM, PETE.

CURTAIN.

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